



## Me-o-my, how you'll take to a pipe—and P. A.!

Before you're a day older you want to let the idea slip under your hat that this is the open season to start something with a joy's jimmy pipe—and some Prince Albert!

Because, a pipe packed with Prince Albert satisfies a man as he was never satisfied before—and keeps him satisfied! And, you can prove it! Why—P. A.'s flavor and fragrance and coolness and its freedom

from bite and parch (cut out by our exclusive patented process) are a revelation to the man who never could get acquainted with a pipe! P. A. has made a pipe a thing of joy to four men where one was smoked before!

Ever roll up a cigarette with Prince Albert? Man, man—but you've got a party coming your way! Talk about a cigarette smoke; we tell you it's a peach!



Prince Albert is sold in tatty red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tins, humidors and in the pound crystal glass humidors with sponge moistener top.

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# PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

## CHEERFUL CHIRPS

(By "DEL.")

Mostly nonsense, except in those rare intervals when a real idea comes along and is grabbed off.

How are you, folks?  
Glad to be with you again.  
We've been cheerful enough during the last few weeks, but didn't have time to tell you about it.

Myron Black, of Babbitt Brothers, laughs himself most to death every time he thinks about the colored porter of that establishment, whose name is White.

Edgar Braadt isn't so easy to kid as he was a few weeks ago when he first joined the forces at the First National bank and some of his fellow employees sent him up to P. H. Nelson, auditor of the Arizona Central bank, to borrow a pad of overdrafts and a check raiser.

Alex Johnston found a needle in his soup at one of the restaurants the other day and when he called the attention of the waiter to the latter said it must be a typographical error, as it was noodle soup.

Right after the walk-out here at The Sun office, we received a little poem written by G. A. Corbus, of San Bernardino, at one time connected with The Sun. We imagine it expresses just the way some of the fellows who walked out are feeling about now:

'Twas the night before payday  
And all through my jeans  
I was searching in vain  
For the price of some beans.  
But nothing was doing,  
The milled edge had quit;  
Not a penny was stirring,  
Not even a jit.  
Forward, turn forward,  
Oh, time in thy flight!  
Make it tomorrow  
Just for tonight.

One of our local bankers tells about a wholesale house he used to work for that shipped a bill of goods to a merchant in a small town, who returned the goods. The house drew a sight draft on the merchant through the latter's local bank, and the draft was returned. A letter asking the postmaster the financial standing of the merchant was returned marked "O. K." Then the house wrote the postmaster asking him to secure a lawyer to collect the account for them. This was the reply they received:  
"The undersigned is the merchant on whom you tried to palm off your worthless goods. The undersigned is owner and president of the bank which sent back your sight draft. The undersigned is the postmaster to whom you wrote and the undersigned is the lawyer you sought to obtain for your fake business. If the undersigned was not also pastor of the church he would tell you to go to hell."

Some one gave us a glass of home brew the other day and told us it was a new recipe, called Victory beer. After drinking it we realized that we must have lost the war, after all.

Uncle Tom Edison recently propounded a list of questions that he said every well-informed person ought to be able to answer. Not being

able to answer more than ten percent of them myself, we retaliate by handing Uncle Tom this list to exercise his own wits on:

Is Fahrenheit the name of a German river or a tire fabric? To what extent if any?

Can oysters see and would it do them any good if they could?

What is it a cow has four of that you have only two of?

What kind of leather is used in making fillet of sole?

Bound Galli-Curci.

What is Zybsco? Is it used internally or externally?

Explain the Einstein theory in words of one syllable.

Where is Charley Ross?

Where are the Monadhliath mountains?

Where was the Serbonian bog and what entire armies were sunk therein?

Who wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb?"

What is bannalanna?

How many white beans, on an average, to the bushel?

What is meant by the term "free lunch?"

Who discovered the moon?

Why are snakes?

Where do horn glasses come from?

What is the shortest river in Madagascar?

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Balzar Hock writes back from Germany that he had quite a controversy with one of his old-time friends over there who was showing him some of the scenery. "Call that a lake?" snorted Balzar, standing on the shores of one of their watering places. "Why we have lots of better ponds than that in the United States, and those things you call mountains we call hills in Arizona."

"Yah," retorted his friend, "aber dose twelluf fine breweries you see; you got some besser as dose, eh?"

C. B. Wilson says the Mexican border should be called the "far-flung bottle line."

Some of the old-timers here remember when George Colton, of Grand Canyon, then newly-arrived from the east, "killed" McSweeney. The incident was referred to in these columns a few months ago; but recently we got hold of a copy of a poem which Joe P. Wilson, cashier of the Arizona Central bank has had stowed away for years, and print it, knowing that it will be interesting to everybody in this section, everyone of whom knows one or more of the persons mentioned:

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT McSWEENEY?

Did you hear about McSweeney? The other night he lost his life.

He left his cobbler's bench to put a quiet to the strife;

The lights went out, poor Mac went down, murder it was rife.

Who'll save the sons of Flagstaff, since McSweeney lost his life?

Someone yelled, "Go get a doctor." Colton vanished through the door.

A livelier corpse you never saw, rose

up from off the floor.  
"Twas murder, moys, and Colton was the lad that used the knife, Prepare me for the inquest—since McSweeney lost his life."

They dashed the gore most recklessly on Mac's embroidered shirt.

"Great Heavens, boys," the corps exclaimed, "I must be badly hurt.

Just save a drop of Carter's best to put upon the knife;

The bloody blade is evidence, since McSweeney lost his life."

"Has the Colton lad escaped us?" handsome Larry Quinlan cried.

"Fightin' Joe and Shootin' Skeeter, go and bring him to be tried.

Give us warning of your comin', not a word about the knife;

There'll be doin's here in Flagstaff, since McSweeney lost his life."

Through the byways and the highways, sleuth-like, slinkingly they slipped,

Both determined that they'd keep the chase until the game was nipped,

And their heart's blood ran a riot, thinking of the bloody knife;

Fightin' Joe and Shootin' Skeeter—since McSweeney lost his life.

At a doorstep on a hilltop, never faltering in the chase,

"Hist, compadre," whispered Skeeter, "we've the whole outfit to face.

Hear him tellin' of the murder and 'twas me that used the knife;

But we're bound to have the inquest, since McSweeney lost his life."

On the door sill Shootin' Skeeter raps a summons loud and hard,

Whilst a warrant he produces, just a common railway card.

Colton answers the loud summons, all excited o'er the strife,

Feeling that he's surely wanted, since McSweeney lost his life.

Skeeter read the solemn warrant in a voice so sad and low,

That the household gathered round him, chilled with fear and full of woe.

"You are summoned to the inquest," Skeeter said, "and bring the knife;

Someone sure'll hang for murder, since McSweeney lost his life."

Brutally they seized the culprit, dragged him from his home and friends,

Whilst the darkness and the silence to the scene new terror lends.

Down the street they quickly lead him, ever talking of the knife,

Of the horror of the murder—since McSweeney lost his life.

At the door of the death chamber, Colton struggles, out of breath;

But his captors quickly calm him with the threat of instant death.

Fightin' Joe now gives the password, 'tis that awful "bloody knife;"

And inside there's much commotion—since McSweeney lost his life.

"Keerful, boys," cried One-Shot Texas, "They are coming with the prize,

Nick, fall down and be the mourner, fill the air with moans and sighs.

Larry, you must be the coroner, to investigate the strife;

We will see this to a finish—since McSweeney lost his life."

"Bring him in," cried Dolly Klesler, as he tore the shroud aside.

Colton saw the ghastly object; "I must leave," he faintly sighed.

So they filed out to the inquest, to the late scene of the strife;

Nick, the mourner, broken-hearted—since McSweeney lost his life.

Larry quickly chose the jury and the inquest it began,

Leo swore he knew McSweeney and was sure this was the man;

Bob recounted how a friendly tilt had ended in a strife,  
And was certain it was murder, since McSweeney lost his life.  
"One-Shot Texas, tell your story," Handsome Larry sternly said.  
Slowly spoke the grizzled warrior, "I was nearest to the dead,  
And I saw that tall lad, Colton, draw a murderous lookin' knife;  
I am sure he did the killin', since McSweeney lost his life."  
"Produce the knife!" the coroner shouted. Texas picked it from the floor.

Whe Nick saw it, terror-stricken, he went reeling toward the door,  
Screaming, "Murder, murder! murder! Oh, that knife, that bloody fiend!"  
He appeared bereft of reason, since McSweeney lost his life.  
Soon they comforted the mourner and the jury left the room.  
Colton fidgeted in silence, thinking of his coming doom.

Ever and anon his sad eyes, resting on the bloody knife;  
Gone his hopes and small his chances, since McSweeney lost his life.  
When the jury gave the verdict, Larry 'rose and sternly said,  
"Colton, thou art charged with murder, to the jail thou shalt be led.  
Leo, thou as accessory, to answer for the strife.

Let the jury go in silence, since McSweeney lost his life."  
John Weatherford asked a hearing: "These boys must not go to jail, Twenty thousand I will pledge to go upon their bail."

The judge the bail accepted and settled was the strife,  
Till the trial upon the morrow—since McSweeney lost his life.

To a end our lark was coming, as the hour it was late;  
Colton quickly hied him homeward, he had swallowed the whole bait.

Our poor ribs were sore with laughter, thinking of the bloody knife—  
Oh! what next upon the programme, since McSweeney lost his life.

Postmaster Charlie Heisser received the following letter the other day and passes it along with the idea that some of our stockmen may want the hombre who wrote it:

3738 Broadway,  
St. Louis, Mo.

At least I hope you will be my friend. I am writing to you asking a favor. Can you tell me wether or not I would rope a job of some kind around in them parts? I'm hard put for one, and these here cities, sure, Lord, do not agree with your's truly.

I sure want to have the old feeling of a good hoss under me and the smell of the alkali and sage in my nostrils. I originally come from Texas. I can ride, brand, and sure don't mind hitting the rough spots. I was just honorably discharged from the U. S. navy and now I'm out of a job. All my old friends from Texas have moved to different parts and some have gone to the happy hunting grounds. So I thought maybe you could do something for me. The reason I am writing to you, I once came through there back in 1912 with my dad and I certainly liked that part of the country. Well, pard, hoping you can lend a helping hand, I am, yours thankfully,

"SANDY" BLUE.

(O. F. Blue.)

DOES MORE THAN TELL TIME

Movements of Sun, Moon and Earth Accurately Represented by New Astronomical Clock.

What is said to be an improved astronomical clock represents the ideas and unrelenting work of an ingenious Chicagoan, Michael Bulka. This clock exemplifies and illustrates the movements of the earth and moon around the sun, with the moon swinging about the earth. These various movements, in concert with the actual happenings, typify the four seasons of the year.

In a glass dome surrounding the clock are three globes representing the sun, earth and moon. This group shows how the sun illuminates the earth and moon; how the earth revolves around its axis every 24 hours, giving us both day and night; how

the earth travels around the sun, giving us the four seasons of the year; how the moon revolves around the earth, thus changing its illuminated area; and how the earth and moon together revolve around the sun, giving us the 12 months in the year. The eclipses of the sun and moon, when they occur, are plainly depicted by the mechanism.

The globes representing the sun and moon have been coated with phosphorous preparation which radiates rays of light. The clock has two dials indicating time of the year and of the day.—Scientific American.

Give The Sun Your Job Printing.

Astronomical Clock.

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## FOR SALE!

Beautiful home sites! Especially suitable for summer—170 acres north and south of track at Maine Station.

In heart of greatest farming and stock grazing section of Northern Arizona.

Inquire at the A. & M. Parks Grocery, at junction of new Grand Canyon road after May 1. Present location Maine Station.

Anderson & McMillan

## Special Sunday Chicken Dinner

Bring your family on Sunday and enjoy our SPECIAL COURSE Dinner, from 12 o'clock on.

Prices range from 75c to \$1.00

The White House Cafe

## Concrete and Cement Work

We do all kinds of concrete and cement work, including sidewalks and buildings.

Let me figure on that job for you.

There are specimens of my reliable work all over Flagstaff. I guarantee satisfaction.

E. B. RAUDEBAUGH

## \$25 REWARD

For information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons throwing tin cans, bottles or other bulky rubbish in the roads, or using any part of the right-of-way of the county roads for dumping ground.

County Board of Supervisors

## Every Saturday Night

at Malpais Manor, the John Francis country home.

Music by the Lee Smith Jazz Orchestra.

If you want a good time, with congenial friends and mid pleasant surroundings, attend the dances.

IRVIN FRANCIS, Manager.

### Croesus' Immense Wealth.

Croesus was king of Lydia in the middle of the sixth century before Christ, and, while most of our men of affluence began in comparative poverty, he inherited riches gathered by a long line of wealthy ancestors, each of whom combined in his own person financier, monopolist and king.

Croesus, who inherited a fortune steadily increasing through many generations, had control of wide realms of agriculture, rich mines and the commerce of wealthy and populous nations. If the monopoly of a single industry can now produce hundreds of millions in a single generation, what could measure the wealth coming from a monopoly of many industries for nearly two centuries?

### Perfect in One Particular.

The old and highly esteemed coachman of a family has at last resigned himself to a pension and a lodge-keeper's duties—if he is by no means resigned to the sight of the chauffeur who now reigns in his stead. The blow of the loss of his post has been softened slightly by the presentation of a handsome portrait, or, as he calls it, "likeness," of himself in full regalia, a pair of his favorite horses cavorting nobly under his whip. The old man is right well pleased with the effect, and so is his good dame, though, when questioned as to the portrait's resemblance to her husband, her answer was somewhat equivocal. "Very like," she said, "but particular the buttons."—London Tit-Bits.